[illegible] E-1 [1911-1924]/948
NBS Boulder-mss NBS

827

"Someone is calling your name."

If a man stumbles without due cause, it is said: 481●

"Someone has food ready for you."

When a man partly closes his hand, if a wrinkle-like fold 787
runs straight across the palm it indicates that he is a good 322
carpenter.

If a mouse nibbles over a single smoked salmon, the whole 825
hoard in drawer away immediately in case dung has been
dropped within. It is believed that unforeseen chewing of [824]
this is responsible for wearing down the teeth.

If a man throws a stone at a pregnant snake, the young ones [761]
may rush forth and enter the thrower's stomach. They remain
invisible, and no one knows how they enter, but death always
results. Snakes are regarded with awe and aversion, and the [752]
only men who dare to handle them are shamans.

When a milk tooth is lost, anyone who happens to be pre- 852
sent should pick it up, pass it four times around the child's 827
head, spit on it, and throw it away. The explanation of this
custom is known.*

*This is not the only custom practiced at the loss of a tooth, cf. vol. I, p. 396.

J: McDowell E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NEA Bellacoola NEA

$534 "I suppose you have been misbehaving with the lad," he continued. "That is the meaning of your anger."

"Yes," replied his wife. "What are you going to do about it?"

Tsuklilo said no more, nor did he show any resentment; instead he hospitably prepared a comfortable bed for the youth.

"Don't go to sleep," Almaimaiden whispered to him. "If he gets a chance, Tsuklilo always kills my lovers, and unless you keep awake he will murder you. When he yawns, you do the same."

As darkness settled down Tsuklilo yawned noisily, saying:

"When I have been out on the mountains all day it makes me yawn, but I cannot go to sleep."

"It affects me the same way," answered the young man, as he too yawned noisily.

This continued for hours, whenever Tsuklilo yawned the youth imitated him, and neither went to sleep.

It was dawn before Tsuklilo fell asleep and began to snore. Almaimaiden had warned the lad what to do if this happened, so he rose silently, took Tsuklilo's stick,* which was placed upright beside the sleeper, and pointed it at him. Tsuklilo died instantly, as this was the weapon with which he was wont to kill mountain goats by merely pointing.

Up to this time Tsuklilo had always slain his wife's lovers by causing the planks beneath the bed to turn over so that the occupant was precipitated down a chasm, at the bottom of which there was a pile of bones of those he had murdered in this way. It was because Almaimaiden loved the lad that she not only saved him but showed him how to kill her husband.

The young man did not return to his home, but continued to live with Almaimaiden, who made him immortal. He assumed the name and occupations of Tsuklilo and it is he who has been seen by fortunate hunters even within recent years. If the evil old Tsuklilo had not been destroyed there would still be many mountains, but his successor, himself now a hunter, is of a kindly disposition and often gives aid to mortals in their pursuit of game. The old people used to say that unless Tsuklilo helped a hunter he would be unable to kill mountain goats at all.

THE WIVES OF TSUKLILO
(Second Version)

Long ago hunters ventured into the mountains in pursuit of game

[481 224]

*A straight stick about seven feet long such as is carried by all hunters when they go into the mountains to enable them to climb. Tsuklilo always carries one.

J. McDermith E-1 (1922-1924) 1948
NEA Dallacosta NEA

the packers were to meet them. They were not due to arrive for several hours, so Simmonsburr cooked the goat and had a plentiful meal ready for his followers. They asked whether he had had any luck, and he answered casually that his son had killed one, but when they expressed regret at his lack of fortune, Simmonsburr pointed to the pile of dead goats, visible in the distance, and said:

"See what my son killed."

Never before had there been such a slaughter of goats at one time, and it was obvious that no time could be lost if the meat was to be smoked before winter. Fortunately, there was a large cave in the vicinity where they established their headquarters. The packers were divided into two parties; some brought in the carcasses, while others began a fire smudge, cooked the drying meat, and boiled out the grease. It was a slow process and there was a heavy snowfall before it was finished. The snow drifted into the narrow valley to such a depth that it was impossible to think of leaving. The beleaguered hunters were well provided with food, melted snow gave them water, and the cave was sufficient shelter, so their confinement was more irksome than dangerous. Nor did it prove problem. The smell of food attracted two mastons which were so confused that they were killed with sticks. All the hunters began to make coats which were provided them with enough skins to make several of the much-prized blankets.

So the winter dragged away. The wife of one of the packers had a reputation for faithlessness and her husband's companions used to tease him by saying that his wife would have remarried before he got home. This made on his nerves until he determined to try to reach the village in spite of the snow. He constructed a pair of snow-shoes and set out, carrying with him enough mastos-skins for four blankets, packed in a sack made from the stomach of one of the goats. The journey was less difficult than he had feared, he camped for one night, and reached his own village some time after dusk of the next day. Looking through the doorway, he saw his father cleaning food into the fire and realized that someone must have died. He called out anxiously, but his parents, who had long since abandoned hope for his son's safety, could not believe that his voice was real, and was not convinced until he actually stood before him. The long-absent one asked for whom the food was being cleaned on the fire, and his father replied:

"For you. We thought you must be dead and have taken almost all your personal possessions."

"That does not matter," replied the son. "We have plenty of meat, grease, and furs."

Smithsonian R-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NEA Bellacoola NEA

As they grow older the plainness of feature is more pronounced, accompanied by increasing heaviness of body (see Plate v6). Many of the adults are corpulent and move with slow, awkward gait. As a rule the men have great strength and are capable of prolonged and arduous exertion, particularly in paddling; in fact, constant use of canoes may have developed this powerful, ungainly build. They are good walkers or parkers; such, if they are found, usually belong to the lighter interior type. Among the grown people the face, though unbeautiful, often has a kindly expression, even becoming attractive in laughter or when a friendly grin spreads from ear to ear. With advancing age the prominent nose seems to grow larger, frequently becoming almost aquiline (see Plate v5). Many of the older people assert that this was even more common in former times. In time the face becomes lined with wrinkles and the body appears to shrink (see Plate v8). The teeth are in many cases worn down to the gums; this seems to cause no discomfort, though an old person cannot utter the glottal stops and other sounds with which the language abounds without entirely a fine spray of saliva. They are absolutely unable to pronounce several of the Bella Coola words, while the constant spitting is a disagreeable feature of their conversation, particularly as an investigator striving, often vainly, to record sounds accurately. The deep wrinkles of old women give them a benign "grandmotherly" expression, which makes them more attractive in extreme age than in youth (see Plate v9). Senile decay is so frequent that the return to infancy in mind as well as in physical powers is regarded as normal.

Among the coastal tribes hair on the face is not uncommon, but in this characteristic the Bella Coola are pre-eminent. Nearly all the men have sparse moustaches, at least; many have a heavy growth, and several are full-bearded. That this was due to white mixture was assumed at first, but no evidence could be found to support this view. There are a number of half-breeds in the community but they are no more hirsute than the full-blooded Indians. Razors are now almost univer-